

It Calls To You by **evendanstevens**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drama, F/M, First Meeting, I Caved, Rebel Alliance, Sci-Fi, Star Wars AU, The Force, ends up fluffly because it's me and of course it does, force connection, hopper is a disgraced jedi, joyce is a droid repairer, joyce tries to hit hopper with a wrench because why not, mentions of steve being a reluctant space soccer mom, the party's all there (minus el), tumblr post inspired, yep i did it

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Summary:

When the exiled, former Jedi Knight, Jim Hopper arrives at the rebel base on Yavin 4, he feels the Force call to him in a way he's never felt before.

It Calls To You

Author's Note:

right I did it, okay, I caved and I couldn't get this out of my head. so yeah, here is probably one of the most difficult one shots I've ever had to write, considering just how much research into terminology I had to do. nevertheless, I did enjoy writing it, and I hope at least someone enjoys reading it!

disclaimer: as much as I love star wars, I never really been one to fully grasp the full vocabulary of the star wars universe. so apologies in advance if the language feels a little out of universe, I did try!

the inspiration behind this one shot comes from this wonderful tumblr post that can be found here <http://eleventhemage.tumblr.com/post/169285650627/strangers-things-x-star-wars-moodboards-part-1>

song inspiration for this was Heavy Metals - Noah Gundersen, it has a pretty nice 80s/space vibe that I recommend listening to while reading but hey that's just me

When Hopper stepped off of the ship, now docked at the rebel base on Yavin 4 he reflected for a moment on everything that had happened in the past three days as he took in his surroundings. Just three days ago he had been Jim Blazer, happily drinking Corellian whiskey on Takodana when his buzz had been interrupted by a group of kids. They had told him they were part of the rebellion and there to help him evade the Empire. Hopper had scoffed at first, told them he was not on the run from Empire, he had no quarrel with them. It was then that the black haired, scruffy looking, aspiring pathfinder and apparent leader of their troupe had dipped his head and said in a low voice that he knew he was the Jedi knight James Hopper.

Hopper had seen red, had grabbed Mike by the collar and glared at him, declaring that was no longer his name, that he had not been a

Jedi for over twenty years, and told him that if he ever came to him with such nonsense again he would get them all killed. It was then that he'd felt it, the presence in the Force that he had not felt in decades and it led him to look at the small boy who was looking at him anxiously with large, curious brown eyes. His name was Will, like the others, he was a young member of the rebellion, an apparent quiet boy and evidently unaware of how strongly the Force flowed through him.

Hopper's first instinct had been to run. Reminded suddenly of his last Padawan, his *only* Padawan, the young Sara. Everything about Will had screamed her name at him, yet Hopper felt deep down inside that he could not run, that he could not leave the boy, the same way he couldn't have left Sara when he had found her as a baby. He cursed himself, he cursed the Force, and he cursed Master Yoda who was probably laughing at him from wherever he was, whether it be somewhere in the galaxy or one with the Force. Before he could say anything else, the young pilot Dustin had suddenly burst into the bar and informed that there were stormtroopers had arrived and were looking for Hopper.

He had no idea how it had happened, but somehow the kids had managed to get him away from the troopers and back to their ship. He mainly put it down to the gun slinging Maxine and he had noted to himself that he never seen anyone as young as her handle a blaster the way she had. He had refused to use his lightsabre however, despite the fact he was rather certain the troopers knew fine well who and what he was, he was reluctant to unveil his true weapon, he figured for more symbolic reasons. When they had arrived at the ship, he had been introduced their pilot, Steve, who seemed as reluctant as Hopper to be aboard the craft.

He had also been introduced to Lucas Sinclair, a surprise to Hopper to find the incredibly well-known Prince of Alderaan aboard the ship. Lucas had explained that he was with them in order to keep the punishment of the group being on an unsanctioned mission to a bare minimum. It was then that Mike had told him that he and his friends had intercepted a message to the Empire, alerting the Empire of Hopper's presence on Takodana. Now that his cover had been blown, Hopper had no choice but to accompany the young rebels to their

base.

On the journey, they had all tried, and failed, to obtain information from Hopper as to what happened, how he had survived the genocide of the Jedi. Hopper had irritably told them to back off, that he had no intention on explaining his past to a group of brats. Despite his harsh and cold demeanour, he still noticed them look at him with awe and admiration. After all, to them this was a *Jedi Knight*, living proof that the legends their parents had told them, stories and tales that spanned generations, were true. They looked at him with such hope in their young eyes, Hopper had been tempted to jump in an escape pod and float amongst the stars for the rest of his days if it meant they stopped looking at him like that.

If they knew the truth, they would know that he was no saviour.

Nevertheless, he had curiously interacted with Will, anxious to know more about the clearly Force-sensitive boy. Hopper knew that the presence of the Force was mutual, even though Will may not have understood exactly what it was. But he could tell in the way that Will immediately opened up to him, that he could trust him, that it was the Force allowing him to. Will had told Hopper how his father was an Imperial soldier, having had him and his older brother back when he had a junk shop with Will's mother on Naboo. Will had told him that when Will was eight, and his father had began to talk about joining the Empire, his mother had packed up their things, took her and her sons and ran away with the rebellion. They had been with the rebels ever since, and while Will was happy with his life amongst the rebellion, he had quietly confided with Hopper that there was a part of him that felt somewhat incomplete. Like there was something missing.

Hopper had almost told him. Almost. But then there was Sara's face in his head again and he decided against it.

As they approached the base, they had told Hopper that they couldn't let it be known to their superiors that there was a Jedi Knight in their presence. They had planned to disguise him, even bringing along clothes for him, expecting him to be donned in the traditional Jedi robes. But they realised as they looked at him in his smuggler attire, that his disguise worked well enough on its own. They had come up

with an alibi, that they were on a routine planet search when their ship had encountered problems and they would need some time to repair it, hence why it had taken them so long to get back. Hopper's story was that he was a pilot from Felucia who was intent on joining the rebellion so they had picked him up along the way. With their stories ironed out, they docked the ship and entered the base.

But as the young ones ushered him through the halls of the base, he had felt it.

The Force was calling to him again, but not in the way it had connected him to Will. No this was something entirely different that Hopper had never felt before. It was like a small piece of thread was tugging at his body, pulling him along. It irritated him at first as he tried to ignore it, but it only seemed to become more urgent the more he walked away. It was then when it felt like he had hit an invisible wall, the calling becoming too strong to disregard, that with a heavy sigh he dipped into the hallway, away from the group in pursuit of it.

It was a presence, it had to be, that was so insistent he find it. He expected the pulling force to calm down as he followed it, but it appeared to only continue to get stronger the closer he got. It no longer irritated him as it had when he first felt it and tried to ignore it. Now it felt like something he hadn't felt in years, something utterly terrifying to him. It felt like hope.

And when he reached a doorway, he could hear his heart beat in his ears. Whatever it was that was behind this door, was what was calling to him. As warm as the feeling was that spread through him now that he had located his target, he still felt somewhat cautious. His hand twitched to his lightsabre, concealed under his jacket, ready for anything that was behind the door. With a deep breath he pushed the button to the right of him and opened the door.

To his surprise, he found there was nothing in the room apart from inactive protocol droids. It appeared to be some kind of workshop, with spare parts and machinery strewn across the room. High shelves lining the walls, housing many apparently broken droids as well as what appeared to be boxes of varying tools. Hopper's eyebrows knotted in confusion as a frown fell upon his face. The Force still flowed, in fact it now radiated stronger than ever now that he was in

the room. But there was nothing, or no one here.

It was then he heard a noise, like something raking through a box of screws and his eyes lifted to the R5 unit in the middle of the floor that hastily beeped.

“Yeah, I know, I know, just give me a minute!” a voice suddenly called from round the corner in the room, hidden behind the shelves of junk. The Force seemed to pulse then, indicated that the one he was looking for was the owner of the voice.

Just then a woman came into view, standing over the droid, apparently taking no notice to Hopper who couldn't help but stand as still as a statue as he took her in. His features immediately softened. She was a small woman, with a petite frame that was hidden under a dark grey set of overalls, the rebel insignia embroidered onto her right forearm. The black belt that wrapped round the all in one suit highlighted her tiny waist, indicating that she was a rather thin woman. Her narrow, oval shaped face was complimented by the messy side braid that she had styled her chestnut, wavy hair in. When she crouched in front of the droid, he was able to see more of her face and he felt almost all of his breath leave him there in that moment.

As she regarded the droid in front of her, her brown, doe eyes were full of thought. She scrunched her small, almost elegant nose for a moment as she lifted the droid repair tool to the top of the droid and began working away at it. Her tongue escaped her mouth briefly to wet her bottom lip, apparently in concentration. There was an oil smudge on her forehead from where she appeared to have wiped it with the back of her hand.

She was beautiful.

During his time in his exile, and his subsequent hiding, he had entertained the presence of many women, much to the probable chagrin of his former masters. But all seemed to pale in comparison to the woman in front of him. What was more, the Force seemed to radiate off of her in an unseen light that could have blinded him. It reflected off of her in a way Hopper had never before encountered, intriguing him even further to the curious creature in front of him

When her eyes shifted to the side, meeting his gaze briefly before turning to fully face him, she jolted up with a fright and dropped the tool in her hand. Hopper felt himself lurch forward slightly at the woman's distress before composing himself.

"Goodness you scared me!" she gasped, putting a hand over her heart as she calmed down from her initial shock. She let out a small laugh of surprise before smiling at him in a welcoming fashion that ultimately made him feel weak. "What can I do for ya? You gotta broken droid? Cause I was just going to finish up this R5 unit and close up shop for the day but if it's an emergency I'm sure I can squeeze you in," her voice was rushed but pleasant all the same as she looked at him with kind eyes.

"I, uh, I..." he stuttered, quite unsure of what to say to her. Unable to explain why it was he was there, as he himself didn't fully know.

"Say, I don't think I've seen you before," she stepped toward him slowly, taking him in, her eyes scanning him up and down regarding his rather tall and imposing stance. Her eyebrows furrowed as she tried to place him, eventually shrugging it off, her calm and inviting face returned. She held out a hand to him. "I'm Joyce," she smiled up at him. He was unable to take his eyes off her face, failing to raise his hand to hers as he tried to find an explanation as to why the Force had pulled him to her.

"My name is-"

"Hey guys I found him!" the sound of Will's voice behind him made him jump ever so slightly, his confusion making him unaware of his incoming presence.

"Will, sweetie, you're back!" Joyce exclaimed as the boy came into the room. Her hand moved away from Hopper as she crouched slightly and outstretched her arms to the boy and enveloped him into a tight embrace. "I missed you so much," she squeezed her eyes shut as she rested her cheek on the top of his head.

Hopper observed the pair and watched as the Force wrapped around them. Will pulled away from her as Lucas, Dustin, Max and Mike flooded into the room. Will then turned to Hopper and smiled, eyes

glancing between the two.

“Mom, this is Jim, he’s a pilot from Felucia,” he stated very matter-of-factly, winking when Joyce’s eyes came back up to Hopper’s face.

Mom. That had to be it. The Force had called to him because she was the boy’s mother. That had to be the answer. But as he looked over the woman’s gentle face, he didn’t see the same power that resonated within her son. And it was a different presence he had felt from when he first met Will. So what was it? Why did the Force want him to see her?

“It’s nice to meet you, Jim,” she nodded to him with that same weakening smile that only made Hopper smile slightly in return. Will noted to himself that it was the first time he had seen any hint of happiness on Jim’s face since they met.

Joyce’s eyes then shifted to the kids who were standing to the side of Hopper now. “I didn’t think you guys would be back this early, but now you’re back do you want to have dinner in our block?” the kids nodded enthusiastically. It had been slim pickings on the ship, so their stomachs had begun to rumble at the thought of a home cooked meal. Joyce’s eyes back to Jim. “You’re welcome to join us, of course, Jim.”

Hopper gently shook his head. “Uh, no, it’s quite alright I-“

“Oh please, I insist,” she rolled her eyes at him, something that he would usually find irritable, but he couldn’t help but find the gesture completely endearing on her.

Hopper could only respond with a sheepish smile as he nervously scratched the back of his neck. *What was happening?*

“Hey, mom, we were gonna go show Jim around the base before dinner, is that okay?” Will looked up at her, almost excitedly. Joyce thought it sweet, her son seemed to be awfully enthusiastic about his new friend.

“That’d be fine, sweetie, but shouldn’t you report back to Dondanna before you go off exploring? He was anxious to hear how you were

getting on,” Joyce stroked the boy’s hair in a motherly fashion as the boy’s face fell.

He looked nervously to his friends. They were all relatively afraid of Dondanna, not because he was evil in anyway, no, quite the opposite. It was more that he didn’t really approve of kids as young as Will and his friends going off on unplanned missions, and boy did he have a way of showing that disapproval. He looked to Lucas though, who looked at him with proud, reassuring eyes. It was the whole reason they had brought Lucas along, well, that and the fact that Lucas was their friend who really wanted to go with them. But Lucas’ royal status usually bought them a lot of leeway when it came to their superiors.

But that still left the issue of Hopper. If they took Hopper with them, Dondanna was sure to suspect something.

“Jim, can stay and wait here if he wants,” Joyce glanced at Hopper who was observing the children and the cracks in their ill thought out plan beginning to show. Will looked between the two of them, scanning Hopper’s face for any signs of protest.

“Yeah, um, sure,” he grumbled nonchalantly and tried not to notice the brief frown that crossed Joyce’s face. It was the first indicator to Joyce that he wasn’t actually just a shy man who had accidentally stumbled into her work quarters.

“Great, thanks Mom!” Will beamed before rushing over to his friends. “Jim, stay here!” he called back as he and his friends ran out of the room, intent to get their meeting with Dondanna over as soon as possible so they could plan their next move.

“Sure thing, kid,” Jim muttered though he was certain Will never heard him.

Hopper lifted his gaze to Joyce who was now stood there awkwardly, her hand loosely crossed across her chest. She looked him up and down, still wary of him. From the absence of the previous welcoming smile, he figured she hadn’t taken to fondly to his less than enthusiastic response to her and her son. The tension the Force provided was still palpable as Hopper tried desperately to ignore it.

“So,” she started, rocking on her heels slightly. “Felucia, huh?”

“Yes,” Hopper nodded slowly, unsure how to have answered her vague question.

“You been a pilot long?” she asked, again in that same condescending, almost accusing tone.

“Since I was a boy,” Hopper responded in the same tone that made her raise an eyebrow at him.

“Wow,” she exclaimed, although it was more than obvious in her tone that she wasn’t impressed. “You must be quite the pilot then, huh, flyboy?”

His mouth was a straight line. “My name is Jim,” he grumbled in response to the derogatory nickname. He never had been a fan of nicknames. Although he was lying and it was a false backstory, he still felt rather annoyed by the fact that Joyce was making it very clear that she could see right through his façade.

“Well then, Jim,” she overexaggerated his name in a low tone, similar to his that nearly amused him. “Since you’re here you might as well make yourself useful,” she nodded over her head, gesturing for him to follow her. He followed her to the shelf round the corner where she stood close to it, standing up on her tiptoes and tried desperately to reach something on the top shelf. He smirked at her feeble attempt to somehow grow half a foot taller. Giving up with a defeated grunt she went back onto her heels and turned to Jim. “You’re tall, could you pass me that hyrdospanner from the top shelf?” she asked less-than-politely.

He gave her a questioning look, but she only responded with an expectant eyebrow raise, glancing between Hopper and the top shelf. With a sigh, Hopper sauntered over to the shelf and reached up and grabbed the tool she was looking at. Turning to her, he held out the tool to her and she slowly took it from him. She stared at it for a long moment, then looked up at Hopper. There was a dip in the tension in The Force as Joyce’s eyes met his. Hopper felt for the first time in decades, uncomfortable under someone else’s gaze.

She let out a small laugh, but the sound did indicate amusement to him, more so she laughed out of disbelief. "This is a torque wrench," she twisted the wrench in her hand, inspecting it. Her eyes shifted briefly to the shelf. "The hydrosponder was right next to it," she looked at him accusingly. "Y'know, a hydrosponder is usually one of the most important pieces of a pilot's toolkit," she raised the wrench and pointed it at Hopper. "But you're no pilot are you?"

Hopper stared at her, eyes wide as he looked her up and down. His eyes narrowed however when he sensed the anger and fear flow through her.

"So who sent you, hmm?" she took a step toward him then, still pointing the wrench at him. "Veers? Tarkin?"

Hopper furrowed his brows. "What are you--"

"You're an Imperial spy aren't you?!" she hissed at him. He saw the swing of the wrench from a mile away, holding up his arm to block her movement. The speed of his action appeared to startle her, as she gaped at him, her brown eyes widening. She was quick then to reach into her belt with her other hand and pull out a sharp edged driver, but he blocked that too by snatching her wrist, causing the tool to clatter to the ground.

He knew she was going to try to kick him next, so he pushed her up against the shelf behind her, restricting her movements. He grabbed hold of her wrists and pinned them above her head, keeping her there. He took a moment to note just how small she was then as he towered over her, glaring down at her.

"I'm not with the Empire," he hissed back at her, her eyes flashed up at him, urgent and frantic as she struggled against him.

"Yes you are! You're-!"

As the volume in her voice raised to a shout, he cut her off by keeping her wrists locked with one hand and using the other to clamp over her mouth, silencing her. The rage in her eyes as he cut her off was almost enough to amuse Hopper, he had her completely locked in place yet she still continued to fight against him. She was

such a tiny, delicate thing yet she still fought valiantly, trying desperately to get at him and hurt him. He felt something in the pit of his stomach that he dared to call admiration.

“I am *not*,” he said sternly, trying hard himself to control his emotions as he tried to convince her he was not with the enemy. He knew fine well what happened when he lost control, and it was not something he wanted to do in a room with so many pointed objects. And there was a part of him, the part that the Force seemed to be bringing out of him that didn’t want to hurt the small woman in his grasp.

It was then he felt her wrist twist in his hands and he realised that she was about to drop the wrench still in her grip directly onto his crown. He had been too busy looking down at her to anticipate it, and as it dropped out of her hand, he acted quickly. Ripping his hand from her mouth, he held up to fingers, pointed up at the wrench and suspended it before it could bash him. It levitated in the air for a moment before he flicked his fingers and sent it falling to the ground just behind him.

He dipped his head, unable to meet her gaze, somewhat nervous as to how she would react. He let out a sigh, it had been a while since he had used truly used The Force. But right now he felt as though his power seemed to want to burst out of him, and he found himself looking to where he held Joyce’s wrists in his hands. When he heard the sharp intake of breath he forced his eyes to look down at her as the realisation spread across her face.

“You’re a Je-“

He clamped his hand over her mouth again but it didn’t appear to change her expression.

“*Don’t* say it out loud,” he said in a low, warning voice. In truth, he wasn’t truly a Jedi, not for decades. Before the Empire had wiped out the Jedi race, he had already been sent into exile. But he thought it best just to go along with her assumptions, rather than dwell on the details of his past.

When Joyce’s eyes drifted from amazement to annoyance, she rolled

her eyes and glanced down at the hand currently covering her mouth and then back to Hopper. Hesitantly, he withdrew his hand from her face, his eyes not leaving hers as he did so.

“How?” she whispered in complete bewilderment as she her eyes roamed around his face, as though the answer to her question lay there.

“How what?” he frowned in response.

“How, h-how...” she trailed off for a moment as she looked to the ground to where the wrench now lay. “How are you still alive? I thought they were extinct! How are you at this base?! What are you doing here?” Joyce gasped as another wave of realisation hit her. “Oh, hell, does *Will* know?!” she stared up at him with large, questioning eyes, a million thoughts running through her head.

“Joyce,” Hopper started as she continued to ramble on about her son knowing, or not knowing and how they found him, the pieces beginning to come together. “Joyce,” he said again but she seemed to ignore him as she continued her rant. “*Joyce*,” he said more sternly this time, bringing his hands down to her shoulders and grasping them, demanding her attention in a way that made her close her mouth. She flashed him an apologetic look. “You’re freaking out.”

“Well of course I’m freaking out!” she hissed back to him but he was thankful she still didn’t raise her voice above a whisper. “My son goes on what was supposed to be scavenging mission and comes back with a fuc-“ Hopper cut her off as he arched a brow at her and she seemed to sink ever so slightly under his grasp. “With you,” she finished quietly.

“Yeah, well, the past couple of days have been a little unexpected for me too,” Hopper shrugged as he looked off to the side.

Joyce then made an obvious cough as she looked up at her wrists, still pinned under his hand. Hopper flashed her an apologetic look and let go of her, taking a step back.

“So what are you doing here?” Joyce breathed as she rubbed her now free wrists.

“I,” he started but then came up blank. “I’m not entirely sure, actually.”

Joyce laughed a little bit at that. “Well, we sure could use your help around here. Someone like you could really-“

“I don’t want any part in this war,” Hopper intercepted abruptly.

She looked up at him, and Hopper felt his body go still again. He wasn’t sure he liked the way this woman’s gaze affected him. She scoffed in disbelief. “Well, I hate to tell you, pal, but so long as you’re breathing in this galaxy, you’re a part of this war,” she stated bluntly, moving past him to pick up her discarded equipment, placing the tools on the closest shelf to her. She turned back to him and crossed her arms. “So are you going to stay?”

Again, he didn’t know how to answer that question. In all honestly, he wanted to hop on the nearest ship and fly as far away from the base as he could and never look back. But there was something about the woman in front of him, how the Force called to her, how it called to her son. And he knew deep down that he needed to stay here. That in some way he couldn’t explain, this was where he belonged.

“I don’t know,” he grumbled as he looked around him. “Not the kind of place I’m used to staying in.”

Joyce lips curled upward into a small smirk, following the path his eyes had just taken. “Yeah, it’s not much, I’ll admit that. But it’s better than out there, pretending to be free,” she gazed thoughtfully to the right of her, as she could see through the walls and presumably back to the once peaceful Naboo. “And then suddenly you’re forced into slavery, or your children are taken away from you to be trained into soldiers,” her smirk fell and Jim felt the sadness overcome her, felt her fight to keep the dread at bay.

“Or maybe they’ll blow your home to smithereens,” she stared at the ground, eyebrows knotted. He felt the wave of despair that twisted inside her briefly before she violently pushed it down back inside, her eyes coming up to meet his, a sad smile on her lips. “At least here we can fight. We can try to bring back our freedom.”

Hopper didn't say anything, quietly observing her as the Force danced around her, almost mocking his obliviousness.

She scrunched up her nose then, like she had done when inspecting the droid behind them, and looked him up and down, regarding him. She laughed slightly then, a delightful sound to his ears. "Man, I should've known when I saw the way Will looked at you. It should've been a dead giveaway," she shook her head, smiling then.

The smile seemed to cause the corner of Hopper's mouth to twitch into a small smirk himself. "Like what?"

"Like some kind of hero," she said, taking a step toward him, arms still loosely crossed in front of her.

"I'm no hero," Hopper grumbled, not moving as Joyce came toward him, creaking his neck so he could keep his eyes on her face.

Joyce nodded. "Yeah, I can see that," she observed, however he knew it wasn't meant to come across as an insult, but a general, honest reflection. Her gaze locked with his suddenly, her eyes intense as she stared up at him. "For whatever reason Will and those kids brought you here, I don't know if it's just cause of some fantasy they have of your *kind* from what they've heard in stories," he was grateful for her not using the Jedi term, still honouring his request that she not say it. "But they seem to trust you," she glanced down then back at him. "But how do I know I can trust you? Why shouldn't I just go and report you to my superiors?"

"You already know you can trust me, Joyce," he said straight away without hesitation. She tilted her head in confusion, narrowing her eyes as she awaited further clarification. "You can feel it, I know you can, you must," he took a step toward her.

"Feel what?" she whispered, holding her chin up to keep her eyes on his face.

Rather than explain it, he gently took her hand in his and held it to his chest. He felt the Force surge through him, like a gust of wind sweeping over his body. And when he saw Joyce's eyes light up in wonder, he knew she felt it too. The connection, the move of the

planet beneath their feet. Life, death, warmth, cold, peace, violence. And between it all, the balance, the energy. The Force.

“You feel it, don’t you?” he murmured, watching as Joyce tried to fathom what was going on. Her eyes didn’t leave his, yet he could feel her search within herself to try and find an answer. Not even knowing quite what ‘it’ was, she nodded in an odd sense of understanding.

They seemed to stand like that for what felt like hours, Jim holding her hand, watching her try to comprehend the feeling that flowed between the two of them. Eventually, Hopper slowly let go of her hand.

She let out a small gasp. “What was that?” she breathlessly asked.

Hopper shook his head. “I don’t know. But you can trust me, Joyce. You felt it.”

“I don’t even know what I felt. And from the sounds of it neither do you,” she scoffed, bringing a hand up to scratch the back of her head. She looked up at him sheepishly then. “I’m sorry I tried to stab you with a pilex driver. And hit you with a wrench. Twice.”

For the first time in too long, Hopper felt a genuine chuckle escape him. It felt like the first breath he’d taken after years of suffocating. This ever so small happiness he felt from this woman, this stranger with brown doe eyes and a beautiful, gentle face. “It’s alright, I don’t blame you,” he held up a calming hand. “I’m not exactly the friendliest looking of folk,” he scratched his beard as he shrugged.

And then they were both laughing quietly, although Jim felt Joyce’s laughter was more so coming from the ridiculous turn her day had taken. When she let out a content smile, she gestured her head toward the door and moved past him with an enthusiastic “Come on!”

Hopper spun slowly on his heel, rather confused as Joyce appeared to be storming off happily round the corner back out to the hallway. “Wait, where?”

She gave him an obvious look, however wherever she wanted to take him was definitely not obvious to him. When the confusion didn't leave his features she rolled her eyes. "You're supposed to be a pilot, right?" she dipped her head, as though she felt she was having to explain this to a child. "Well, you're not going to fool anyone dressed like that," her eyes quickly moved up and down his body.

When Hopper made no indication that he understood her, she sighed and reached out, taking his hand in hers and dragging him along behind her. The Force hadn't coursed through them as dramatically as it had the first time he held her hand, but it still flowed freely between them as the tiny woman led him out of the room.

"I'm taking you to get a new uniform, come on," she tugged him along, opening the door and out into the somewhat deserted hallway. He thought to himself that she clearly must not get a lot of company down her way. "Besides, who knows how long trying to find a uniform to fit someone as tall as you is going to take. I mean what are you, part Kaminoan?"

Hopper smiled and let out a small laugh at her terrible joke, continuing to let her excitedly pull him through the rebel base. He had to admit, he was beginning to like the mystery that was Joyce Byers.

Author's Note:

hope you enjoyed this piece of space trash, I may do more, I may not who knows, depends on if people would *like* more and if I can find the patience to continue. anyways, I tried not to take this too seriously, this was more a fun writing exercise, but I hope you liked it!